

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

No.33

DAREDEVIL

The Greatest in Comics

LEY GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

Attention-
A FULL SIZE
52 PAGE-
MAGAZINE!
NO SKIMPING!

HEY! I
CAN'T HOLD
ON MUCH
LONGER!

10¢



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Going Fast . . .

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So That You Won't
Be Disappointed!



DAREDEVIL

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND THE CHARACTER IN THIS STORY YOU WILL HAVE TO TURN BACK THE PAGES OF TIME TO 1926 WHEN THE CARDINALS AND THE YANKEES WERE BATTLING FOR THE SERIES AND 'BIRTH OF THE BLUES' WAS THE HIT TUNE OF THE DAY!

by
CHARLES
BIRO



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF A CRIMINAL WHO LEARNED HIS LESSON MUCH TOO LATE...







CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THE KID'S SURE GOT THE WOOL PULLED OVER HIS EYES!

I DON'T KNOW! HE'S STUCK, POOR GUY AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT, OR DON'T WANT TO!



THE OLD MAN! HERE'S WHERE I GRAB ME A FIVE SPOT!



HELLO, SON! STILL STUDYING? SAY, I SMELL SMOKE!

YES, DAD, OH, THAT— HA, HA, I WAS JUST MAKING SOME CHEMISTRY TESTS! DON'T WORRY THO' I DIDN'T BURN ANYTHING!



THERE'S A LECTURE ON CHEMICAL PROBLEMS IN MODERN ENGINEERING TONIGHT AT TOWN HALL, POP. I'D LIKE TO GO! COULD YOU LET ME HAVE FIVE DOLLARS? I WANT TO GET ANOTHER BOOK, TOO!

FIVE DOLLARS—THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, SON!

BUT I GUESS FOR SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE I CAN MANAGE IT! YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING, EDDIE! KEEP AT IT!

OH, THANKS, POP! YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!



THERE'S A BOY FOR YOU! SMART AS A WHIP AND ANXIOUS TO LEARN— THAT LAD WILL GO PLACES AND I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF HIM!



HA, HA, ME SPEND A NIGHT LISTENING TO A LECTURE— SOME STUFF! POP'S SO DUMB HE DOESN'T KNOW THE SCORE!

POOL

AND SO THE YEARS OF DECEPTION PASSED...

IT'S A LETTER FROM EDDIE—IN CALIFORNIA AND SAYS HE'S COMING HOME ON BUSINESS SOON!

OH, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL—HE MUST BE A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN!

JOHN, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL HIM ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT WHEN HE COMES?

OF COURSE, DARLING! HE'LL LOVE YOU AS A MOTHER!

YOU KNOW THIS IS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED—A HOME WHERE EVERYONE LOVES EACH OTHER! I'M SO LUCKY HAVING YOU—AND EDDIE, HE'S SUCH A FINE, HONEST AMBITIOUS SON!

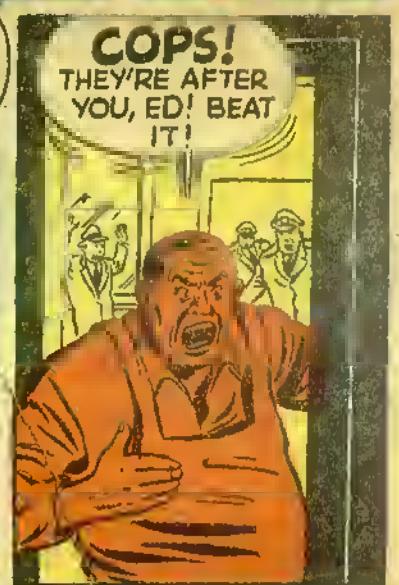


SO YER HITTIN' EAST, EDDIE—MAYBE THAT'S SMART THE WAY THE COPS ARE GETTIN' ON YER TAIL ON THE COAST HERE!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF NO DICKS! I'M GOING BACK ON BUSINESS—A BIG LIQUOR DEAL—SCOTCH TO BE EXACT!

BETTER WATCH YER STEP, KID! MAYBE SOME OF THEM EASTERN BOYS WON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU DOUBLE-CROSS!

AW, SHUT UP! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF IN THIS RACKET!



OVER HIS HEAD! WE WANT HIM ALIVE!

BANG BANG



MR. CHRONICL
MAIN ON JAP
ISLANDS

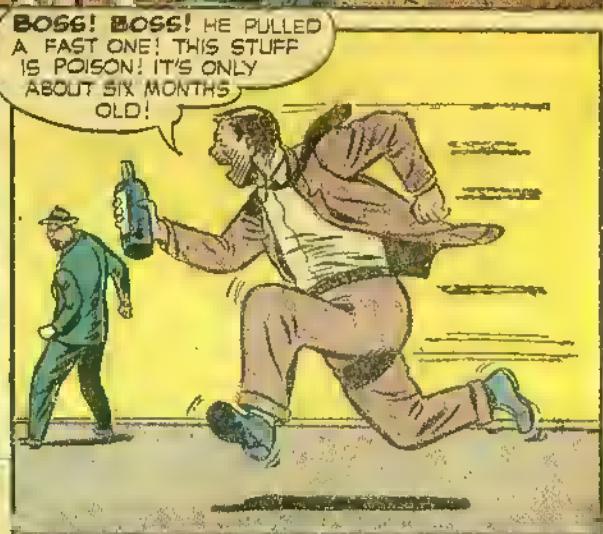
BUT EDDIE, YOU JUST GOT HOME! AND TOMORROW MISS PRICE AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

YEAH, SURE! I'M THRILLED, BUT I GOT SOME BUSINESS! I'LL BE AT THE CHURCH, FOLKS! GOOD LUCK!

WE DID SO WANT YOU TO COME!

OKAY, BEAGLY, HERE'S YOUR TWENTY GRAND! YOU SURE GET A PRICE FOR YOUR HOOCH!

CUT THE MALARKEY! WHERE CAN YOU PICK UP TEN YEAR OLD SCOTCH FOR FIVE BUCKS A BOTTLE?



WHY THAT DIRTY @!#!! WE MADE THIS AT TEN, BOTTLED IT AT ELEVEN AND SOLD IT TO ME AT MIDNIGHT! FIND OUT WHERE THAT BUM LIVES!

LATER...

ANY LUCK, MIKE?

I DON'T KNOW, BOSS, BUT I GOT A TIP! ONE OF THE BOYS MENTIONED HIS OLD MAN WAS GETTIN' MARRIED AND HERE IT IS IN THE PAPER!



JOHN BEAGLY AND MISS RUTH PRICE, EH? GET THE BOYS LINED UP, MIKE! I GOT A HUNCH EDDIE WILL BE SAP ENOUGH TO GO TO THE WEDDING, AND WE'LL BE THERE!





THE ELECTRIC CHAIR'S
TOO GOOD FOR THAT
BEAGLY! HE DIDN'T
HAVE TO HIT THIS
WOMAN!

WE'LL GET HIM
SOME DAY—
AND I WANT
TO BE THERE!

PRETTY NASTY
STUFF, THIS
BEAGLY DARE-
DEVIL—MEANEST
ONE WE'VE
HAD IN A LONG
TIME—DOESN'T
CARE WHO HE
WANTS!

WELL, FROM NOW
ON I'M DEVOTING
MY FULL TIME TO
HIM, CRANDELL!
I'VE GOT A
VERY PERSONAL
DISLIKE FOR
THE BUTCHER!

THINK I'LL SCOUT
AROUND THE WEST
BUT HE ALWAYS
SIDES SOME MORE!
SEEMS TO BE
SOONER OR
ONE STEP AHEAD
LATER ONE OF
US! HE'S GOT
HIS STOOGES,
THE CASH AND HE'S
WILL DROP
A TIP ON HIS
A NETWORK OF
POLICE!

ABOUTS!



SO YOU WANT TO SEE DAREDEVIL, DO YOU? WELL, YOU'RE IN LUCK! HE'S HERE RIGHT NOW—IT BETTER BE IMPORTANT!

HEY, DAREDEVIL! A GUEST?

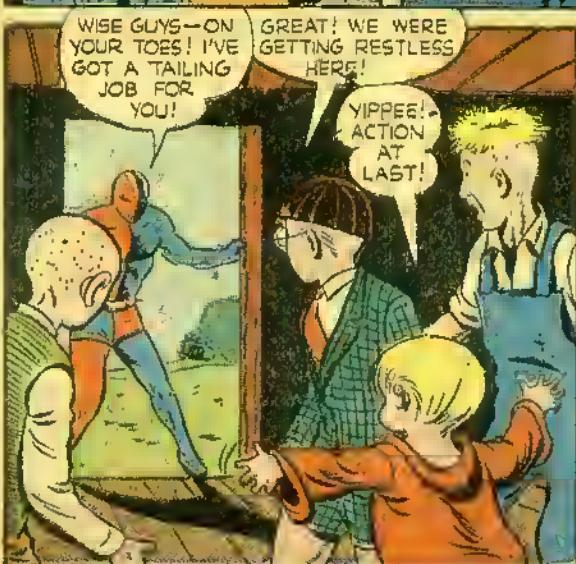
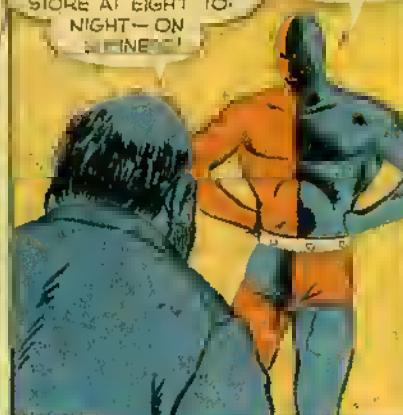
IT'S IMPORTANT ALL RIGHT!

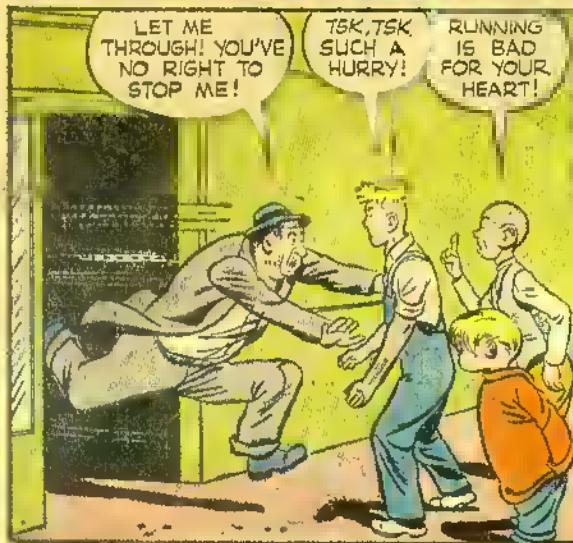
YOU SEE EDDIE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME AND TREATED ME MEAN AND I KNOW YOU ARE LOOKING FOR HIM! HE'S GOING TO BE AT THE ROBINSON DRUG STORE AT EIGHT TO-NIGHT—ON TIME!

WELL, THAT'S PRETTY DECENT OF YOU, BLINKY! CAN I DO YOU A FAVOR OF SOME KIND?

NO, NO.. DAREDEVIL! MAYBE LATER! I GOTTA GO RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S TOO BAD—BUT THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!





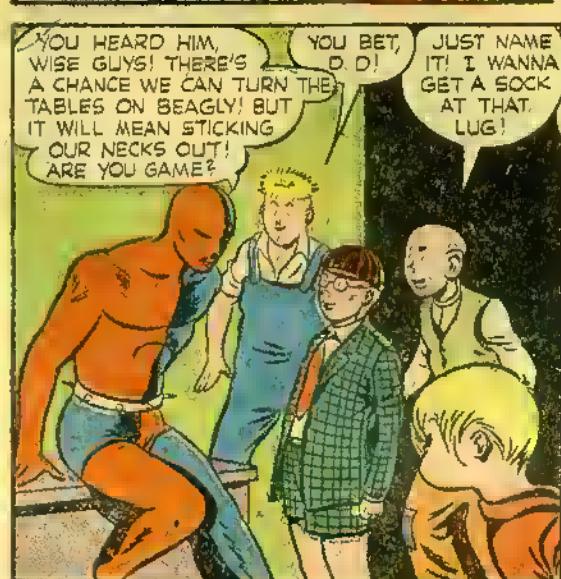


THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A CAR PARKED OUTSIDE OF ROBINSON'S DRUG STORE AND SHOOT YOU WHILE YOU WAIT INSIDE!

CUTE IDEA! NOW TELL ME JUST HOW WERE YOU TO LET EDDIE KNOW IF I TOOK THE BAIT ALL RIGHT! HE WOULDN'T BE DUMB ENOUGH TO LET YOU LEAD US TO HIM!

I WAS TO JUST WALK DOWN LEXINGTON AVENUE PAST GRAND CENTRAL WITH MY HAT IN MY HAND! HONEST, DAREDEVIL, HE'D KILL ME IF I DIDN'T DO IT!

WOULDN'T GET THAT HUNDRED DOLLARS, EITHER, WOULD YOU? ALL RIGHT, CASSIDY—SEE THAT HE DOES THAT WALKING AND GETS BACK HERE!



HELLO! MANAGER OF
ROBINSON'S DRUG STORE?
THIS IS THE POLICE CALLING!
HAVE YOUR STORE EMPTY
EXCEPT FOR ONE CLERK AT A
QUARTER TO EIGHT THIS
EVENING! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!
ONE OF OUR MEN WILL
EXPLAIN!

THAT'S A FUNNY
ONE—MAKING US GET
ALL THE CUSTOMERS
OUT! I WONDER
IF IT'S A GAG!

IT'S
NOT A
GAG,
SON!

D..DAREDEVIL! THE REAR ENTRANCE!
HOW DID YOU GET IN? NOW—I WANT YOU TO
KEEP UNDER COVER!
IN A FEW MINUTES
SOMEONE WILL TRY
TO KILL ME HERE!

KILL
YOU!

YES, BUT DON'T BE NERVOUS—
JUST GO ABOUT YOUR
DUTIES! I'LL YELL WHEN
THE DANGER
COMES!

THERE IT
IS—THE
CAR!

HOW'LL WE DO
THIS WITHOUT
BEING SEEN!

PEE WEE
ROBINSON DRUGS! YOU'RE THE
SMALLEST!
YOU'LL HAVE
TO SNEAK
UP FROM
BEHIND!

KEEP
YOUR HEAD
DOWN,
PEE WEE!

BINSON DRUGS

YOU
BETCHA!

SEE
HIM?

YEAH! HE'S
OUT BACK! I
THINK HE'S COMING
FORWARD! WAIT'LL
WE GET A GOOD
SHOT!

THAT'S THEM! THIS
IS ONE TIME I'VE
GOT TO BE EXTRA
FAST ON MY
TOES!



THEY CAN'T SEE INTO
THIS TELEPHONE
BOOTH! WON'T KNOW
I'M NOT STANDING
UP!



EDDIE, HE'S
IN THE
BOOTH!

PERFECT!
RIDDLE
IT!



THAT DOES IT!
A FLY COULDN'T
LIVE THROUGH
THAT- GET
ROLLING!



WHAT
THE
XXZXX!!

F..FLATS!



STRANGE WAY
YOU HAVE OF
GREETING PEOPLE
EDDIE!

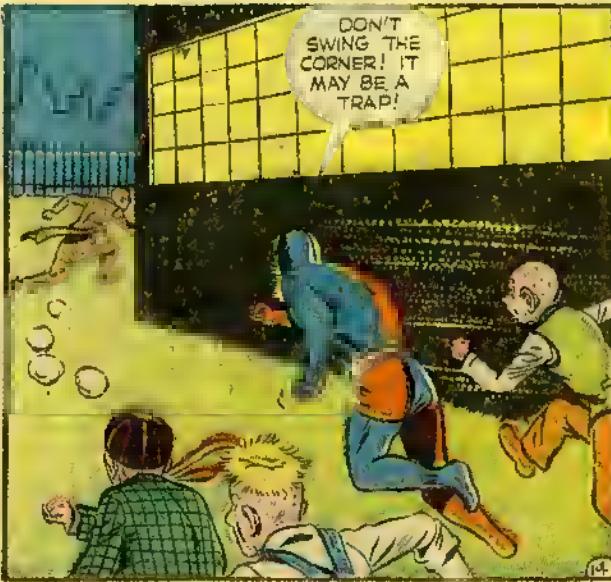
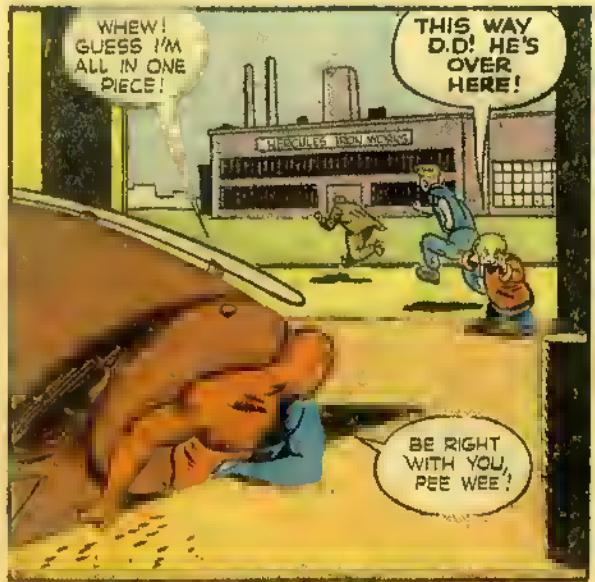
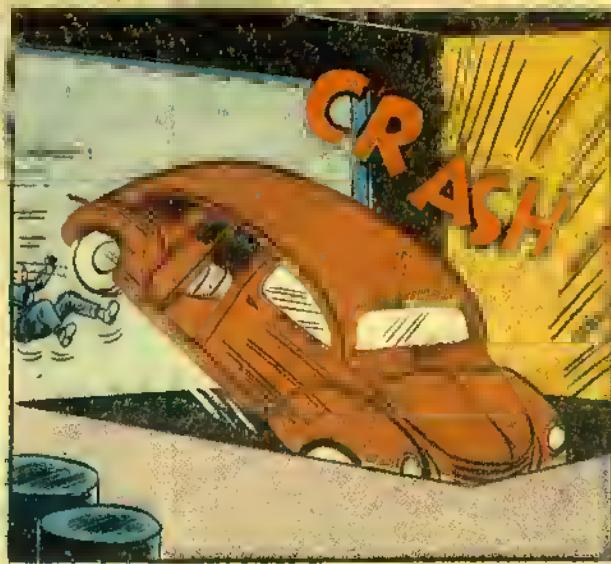
GET GOING!
THE DEVIL
WITH THE
TIRES!



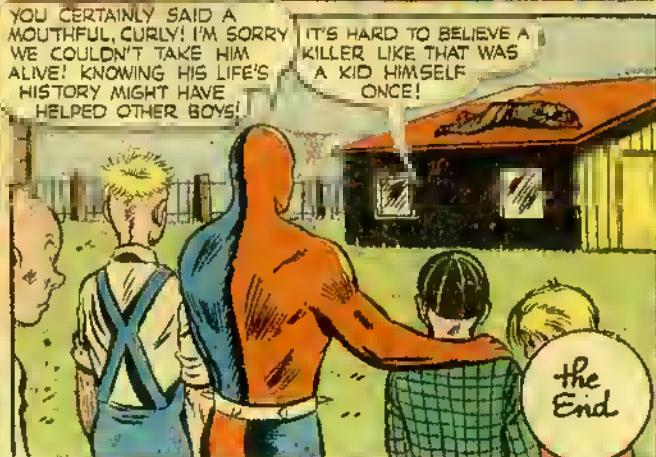
HOW FAR DO
YOU EXCEPT TO
GET ON FLATS,
EDDIE?

FAR ENOUGH,
YOU...UGH...
JERK!









the
End

Here's an easy way to send your wastebasket paper to war!

1 Cut two slits, about one inch deep, in each side of the box, one slit in each end. Box is of a corrugated cardboard box.

2 Place three pieces of 2-cord inside the box, with their ends through the slits. Tie the box with twine, sealing the twine underneath an eye of the cords. Draw your wastebasket over the box and pack these death traps until the box is filled.

3 Lay a crumpled piece of paper on top of the packed-down mass. Tie your bundle tight. If it isn't, and your box is ruined, it will again.

4 Save every scrap of paper. Save and burn every scrap of paper. War. Your waste paper isn't waste paper unless you waste it.

who said

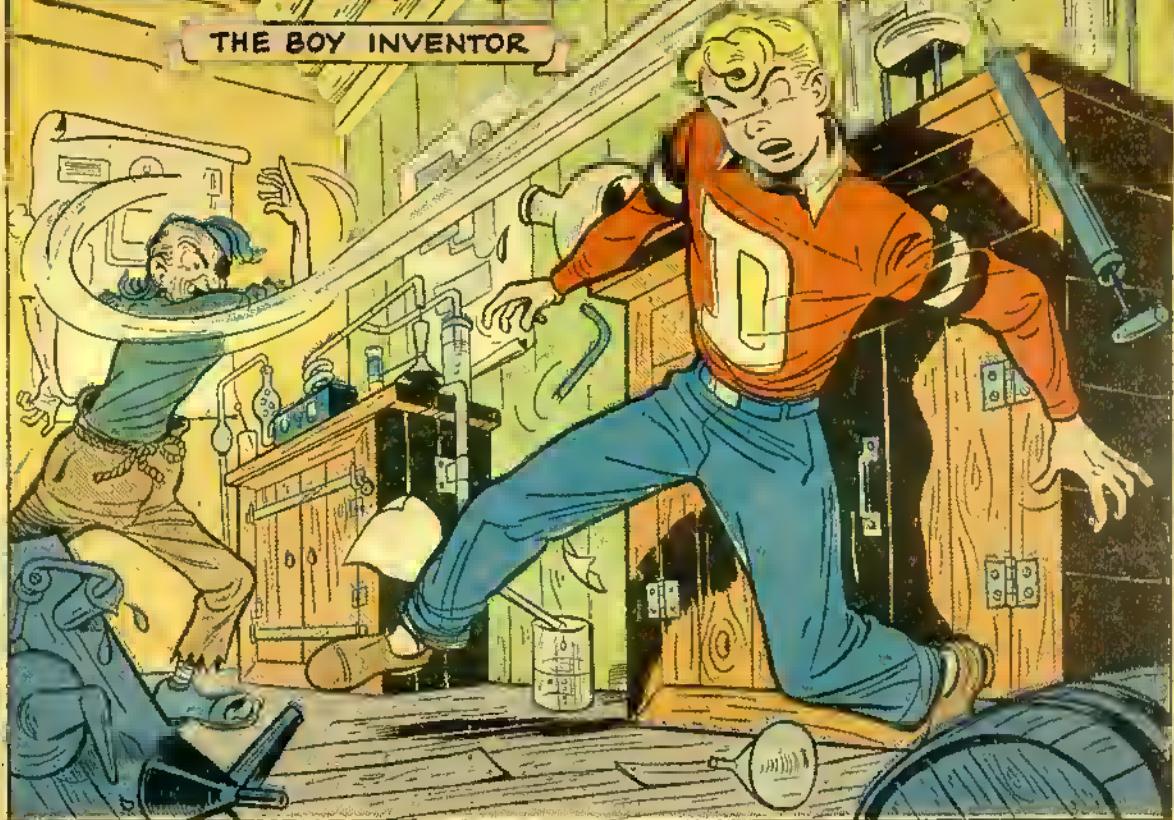
SHORTAGES?

There is **NO** shortage of **IDEAS!**

THE QUALITY OF COMIC MAGAZINES DEPENDS WHOLLY UPON THE ORIGINALITY OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS— FRESHNESS, DARING AND ORIGINALITY COMBINE TO MAKE DAREDEVIL, BOY AND CRIME DOES NOT PAY THE THREE MOST OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS POPULAR AND ADVANCING FIELD!

DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR



D

DICKIE DEAN'S
LATEST INVENTION
THE SUPER-TRACK IS
THE MOST POWERFUL
TRACTOR EVER BUILT!
BUT WAIT----LET'S
NOT GET AHEAD OF
OUR STORY.

IT IS LATE IN THE
EVENING, WHEN MOST
EVERYONE IS ASLEEP,
BUT A LIGHT CAN BE
SEEN IN THE WINDOW
OF A LONELY OLD
SHACK, NOT FAR FROM
THE OAKWOOD LUMBER
COMPANY.



RAY!
I'VE GOT IT!
I'VE GOT IT!



--AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS LABOR I'VE FINALLY GOT IT!---I'LL FIX THEM---HEH-HEH-HEH---I'LL FIX THEM GOOD AND PROPER AND I'LL DO IT TONIGHT!

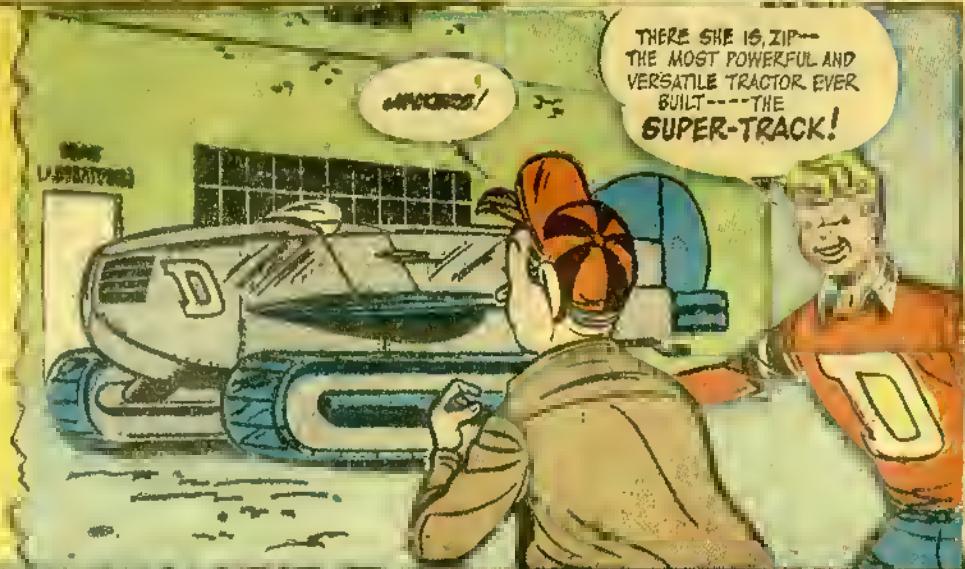
--AFTER POURING HIS NEWLY DISCOVERED CONCOCTION INTO A LARGE SYRINGE, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE HEADS FOR THE OAKWOOD LUMBER COMPANY.

-JUST TEN CUBIC CENTIMETERS OF THIS PRECIOUS FLUID INTO EACH LOG---HO-HO-HO! WILL MR. OAKWOOD HAVE TROUBLES!

-HO-HO! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



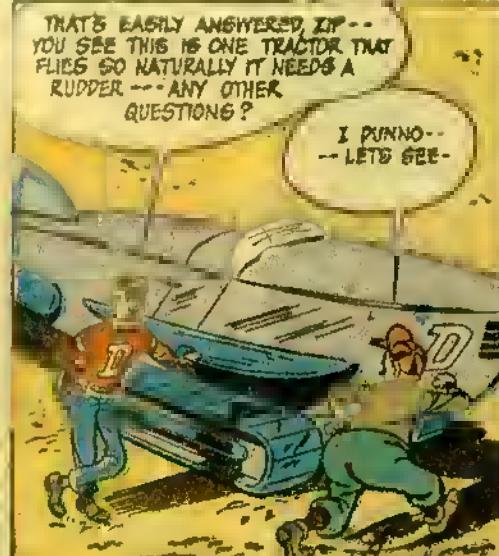
LET'S LEAVE OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND FOR THE MOMENT AND SWITCH TO THE DEAN LABORATORIES, WHERE, ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DICKIE IS SHOWING ZIP HIS LATEST INVENTION--



--I THINK YOU'RE GETTING YOUR INVENTIONS A BIT MIXED UP LATELY, DICKIE---MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING A BIT TOO HARD---THAT THING IS SUPPOSED TO BE A TRACTOR---AND IT'S GOT A RUDDER ON IT LIKE ON A PLANE--

THAT'S EASILY ANSWERED, ZIP---YOU SEE THIS IS ONE TRACTOR THAT FLIES SO NATURALLY IT NEEDS A RUDDER---ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

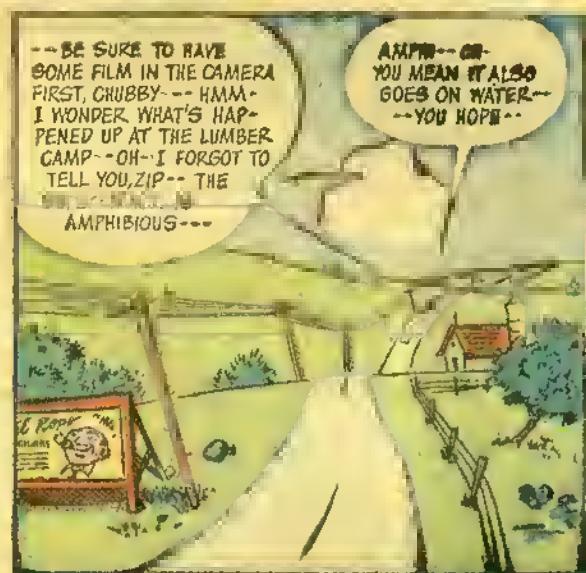
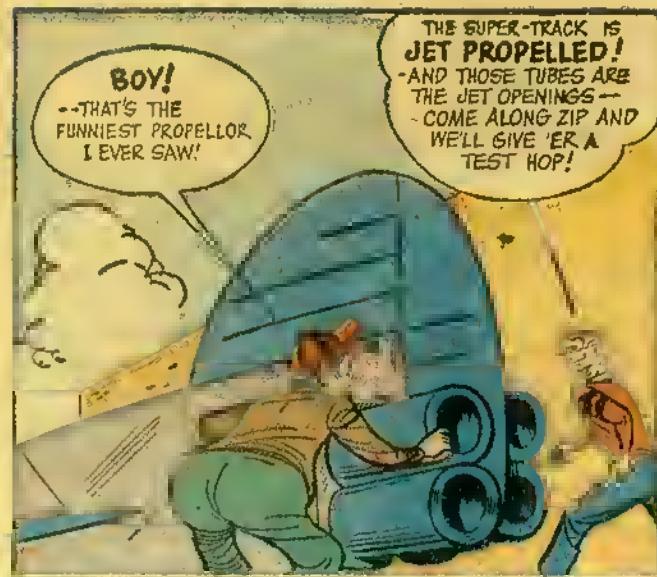
I PUNNO---LET'S SEE--

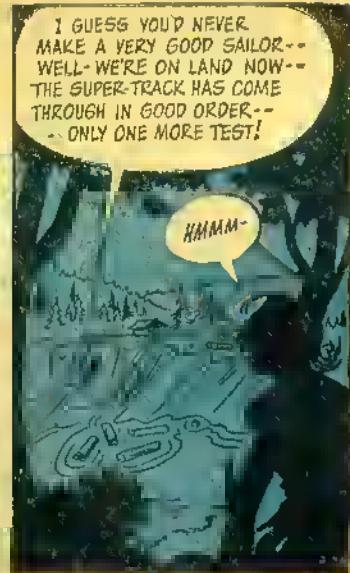
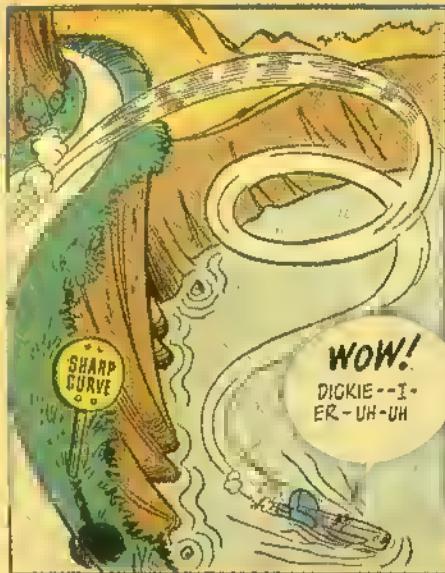


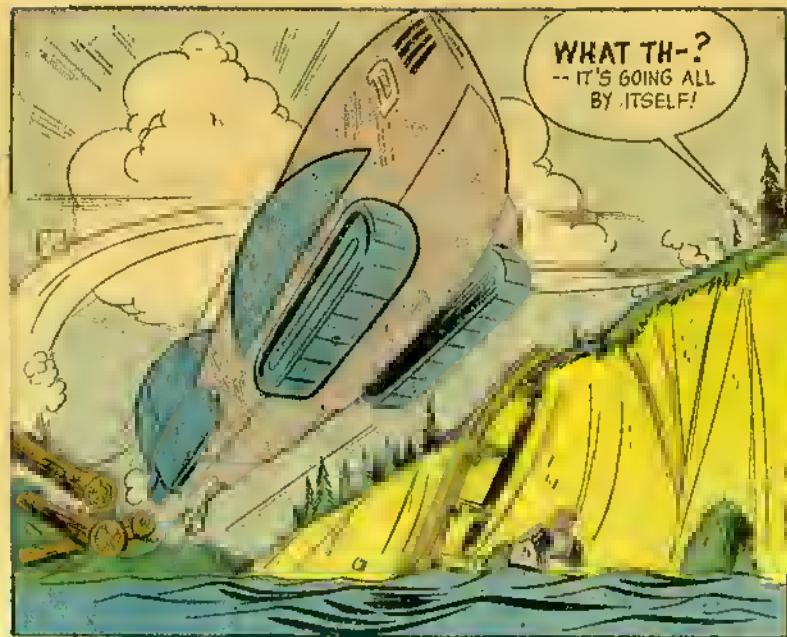
OKAY---DO THE TRACTOR'S GOT A RUDDER AND IT FLIES---WHERE IN THE DICKENS IS THE PROPELLOR?

COME AROUND THE BACK, ZIP

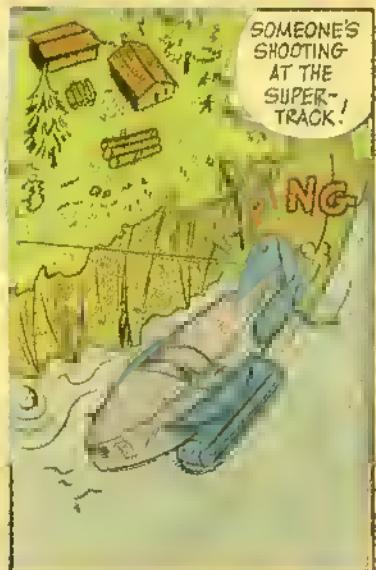








YES MR. OAKWOOD-- YOU SEE
THE SUPER-TRACK CAN BE DRIVEN
BY REMOTE CONTROL --- THIS
RIGHT KNOB IS FOR SPEED AND
THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS FOR
DIRECTION --- THE WORK CAN
BE ACCOMPLISHED MUCH FASTER
THAN THIS!



NO -- FIRST
WE'LL MAKE
SURE THOSE
SHOTS WEREN'T
ACCIDENTS!



PING



ROGER--

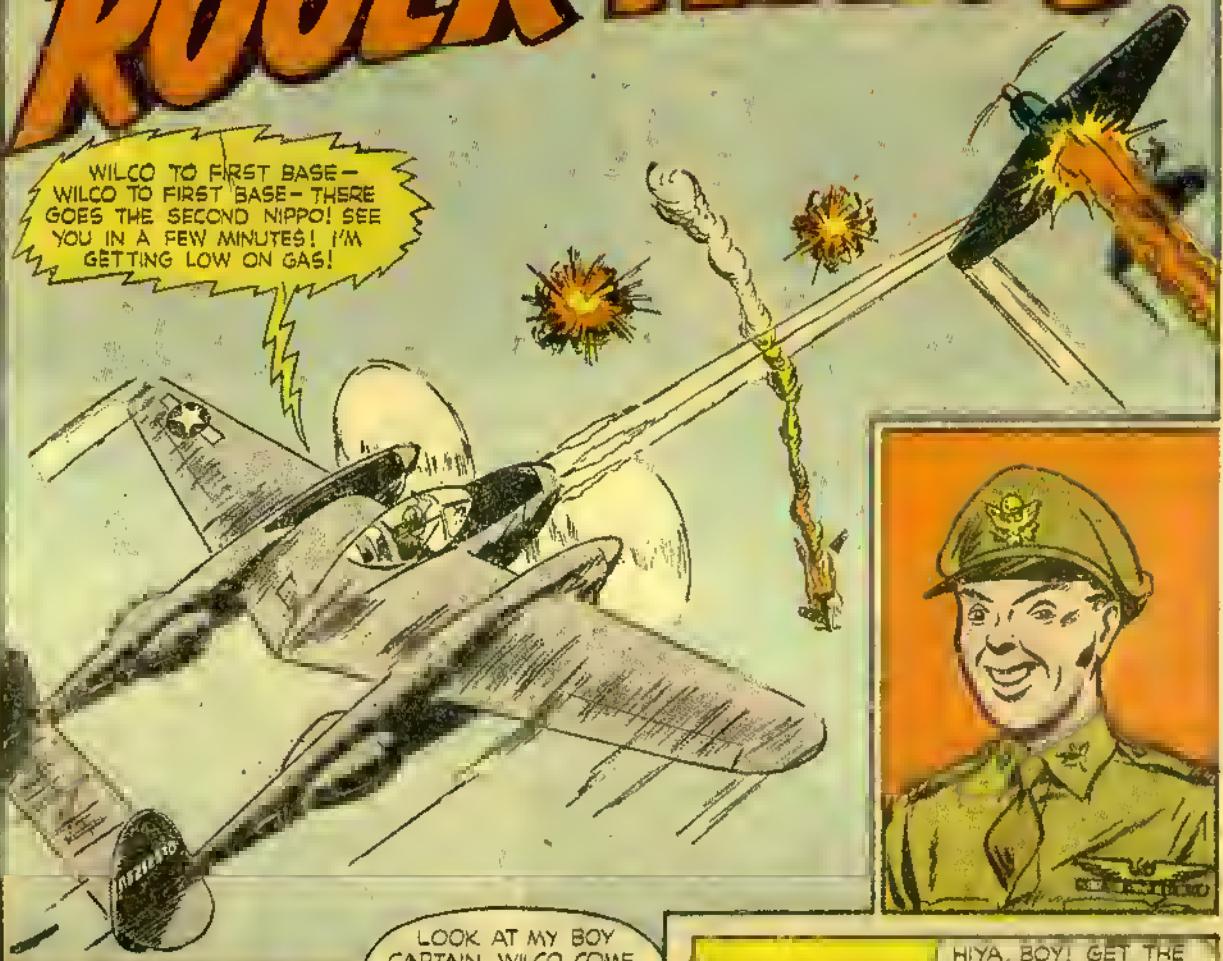




Introducing

ROGER WILCO

WILCO TO FIRST BASE -
WILCO TO FIRST BASE - THERE
GOES THE SECOND NIPPO! SEE
YOU IN A FEW MINUTES! I'M
GETTING LOW ON GAS!



LOOK AT MY BOY
CAPTAIN WILCO COME
IN WITH THAT SHIP! HE
HANDLES IT LIKE A
BICYCLE!

AMERICA'S MEN OF THE AIR
FIGHT NOT ONLY IN THE SKIES -
THEIR IS A BATTLE OF NERVE
AND KNOWLEDGE THAT DEMANDS
THE FINEST MINDS AND SKILL
OUR NATION HAS TO GIVE -
NO WONDER THEN THAT
CAPTAIN ROGER WILCO,
ACE OF THE U.S.A.A. IS
CALLED UP TO FIGHT THE
DANGEROUS ROLE OF COUNTER-
SPY IN A NETWORK OF SABOTAGE
AND HATE!



YEAH! AND
I HEAR HE'S
LEAVING US
FOR THE
STATES!

HIYA, BOY! GET THE
STENCIL OUT! WE GOT
TWO MORE TODAY!



THAT'S GREAT!
THAT RUNS OUR
SCORE UP TO TWENTY-
FIVE! AND...ER...
CAPTAIN WILCO, THE
C.O. WANTS TO
SEE YOU!

WONDER WHAT
THE COLONEL HAS
ON HIS MIND TODAY?
I HOPE I'M NOT
FIRED!

CAPTAIN WILCO
REPORTING, SIR!
YOU WISHED TO
SEE ME?

YES, CAPTAIN!
I'VE A BIT OF
NEWS FOR YOU!
HAVE A
SEAT!

YOU SEE, WILCO, ALL OUR ENEMIES
AREN'T AS OBVIOUS AS THOSE
YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING! THERE
ARE FOREIGN AGENTS IN THE
STATES WHO FIGHT IN A
DIFFERENT WAY!

VERY TRUE,
SIR, BUT I DON'T
SEE HOW THIS
AFFECTS ME!

WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL
MISSION FOR YOU IN THE
STATES AND HAVE
ARRANGED A LEAVE
OF ABSENCE FOR
YOU IF YOU...

WOW! ER...
I...I MEAN.
YESSIR,
I'M READY!

AND SO
CAPTAIN ROGER
WILCO ARRIVES IN
A FAMOUS AIRPLANE
MANUFACTURING
CENTER IN THE
UNITED STATES TO
THEIR
NEW JOB.

SMILE,
CAPTAIN!

CAN WE
HAVE A WORD
FOR THE
PAPERS?

WOW! I'D RATHER
FACE A HALF-DOZEN
ZEROS!

THIS
WAY, CAP-
TAIN WILCO!

A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE OFFICES OF "TRANZAIR", A GREAT AIR-TRANSPORT AND RESEARCH COMPANY.

TRANZAIR!
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

AH..ULP! ER..IS MR. TRANZAIR OF BLUNDELL IN? AH, I MEAN BLUNDELL OF TRANZELL IS... OH, WELL, IS THE BOSS IN?



MR. TRANZAIR?
BLUNDELL?
BRAIN...

IF YOU MEAN MR. BLUNDELL OF TRANZAIR, PLEASE FOLLOW ME!



YOU CAN SEE NOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! IT IS VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT THESE EXPERIMENTAL PLANES REACH OUR MEN IN SOUTH AMERICA - BUT UP TO NOW THEY'VE ALL MYSTERIOUSLY CRACKED UP EN ROUTE! WE ARE HOPING THAT YOU CAN GET ONE THROUGH FOR US!

YOU'VE GOT A REAL PROBLEM TO SOLVE!

WE KNOW THIS IS A DANGEROUS TASK AND YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO REFUSE, CAPTAIN WILCO!

NONSENSE, MR. BLUNDELL! I'M AS ANXIOUS AS YOU ARE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT!

GOOD! LET'S STEP ASIDE AND I'LL SHOW YOU OUR NEWEST PLANE!



WHILE CAPTAIN ROGER WILCO TALKS WITH MR. BLUNDELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE A SLEEK SEDAN SPEEDING ALONG WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.

HMM... BACK TO MY APARTMENT, TRAMONTI! I THINK WE'VE A JOB ON OUR HANDS!

OKAY, CHIEF!

STICK AROUND, TRAMONTI—WE'LL PROBABLY NEED YOU LATER!



HELLO, SPARKS? GET OVER HERE IN A RUSH! I'VE GOT A TOUGH NUT FOR YOU TO CRACK!



WE'VE HAD GOOD LUCK SO FAR, SPARKS, BUT WE CAN'T USE ANYTHING AS CORNY AS A TIME BOMB ON THIS WILCO FELLOW! I WANT SOMETHING HE CAN'T DETECT, AND THAT WILL LEAVE NO TRACES—REMEMBER—THAT PLANE MUST NOT GET

THROUGH!

I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU DOWN, CHIEF! I GOT SOMETHING HERE I'VE BEEN WAITING TO USE! I WORKED ON THAT NEW TRANZAIR JOB AND I KNOW WHAT IT DOES!



THIS DEVICE OSCILLATES DELTA WAVES THAT I GUARANTEE WILL HAVE A RARE EFFECT ON YOUR SMART CAPTAIN WILCO'S PLANE, PARTICULARLY WHEN HE FLEYS THE AUTOMATIC PILOT!

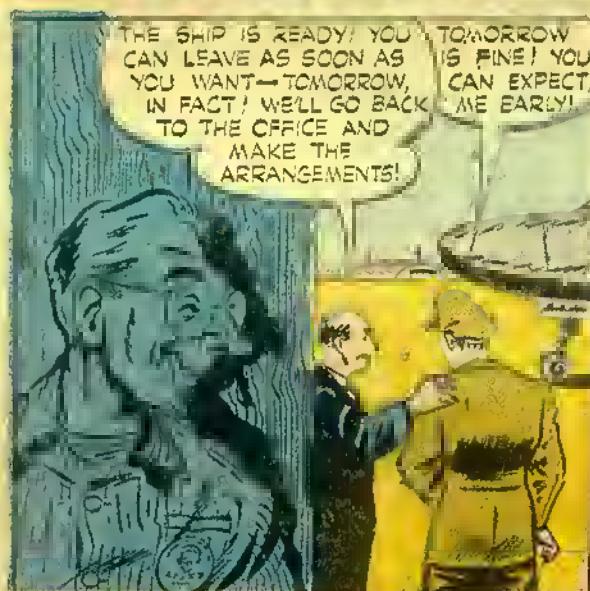
OKAY, SPARKS, I'M TAKING YOUR WORD FOR IT! NOW TO GET IT INTO THE PLANE!



DON'T FORGET! I'M STILL EMPLOYED AT TRANZAIR!

ON YOUR WAY, THEN! LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME!





THE NEXT MORNING...



OH! THAT FRESH THING! I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN!

HE'S A GREAT KID! I HOPE HE GETS THROUGH ALL RIGHT!



A FEW HOURS LATER AND 10,000 FEET HIGHER...

SEEMS TO BE A SLICK JOB! I'LL SWITCH OVER TO THE AUTOMATIC PILOT AND RELAX!

AND AT THAT MOMENT THE SHIP SEEMS TO GO WILD...

WELL, LOOK AT US! AND AT OUR AGE, TOO!



MAKING A TIGHT TURN, THE POWERFUL SHIP GOES INTO A SCREAMING DIVE TOWARD THE EARTH.

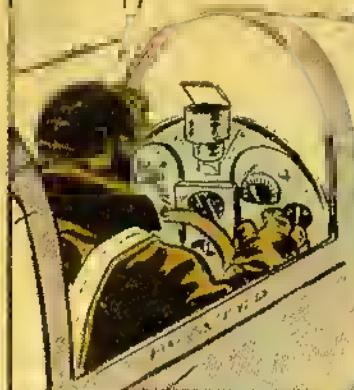


BUT ROGER WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT PULLS THE SHIP OUT OF ITS SUICIDAL DIVE JUST IN TIME!

WHEW!



BROTHER! ALL THE INSTRUMENTS HAVE GONE HAYWIRE! THERE MUST BE A CONFLICTING ELECTRICAL FIELD RIGHT CLOSE BY!



MAYBE WE DIDN'T READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE BOX CAREFULLY! LET'S HAVE ANOTHER LOOK IN OUR BRIEFCASE, ROGER, OLD BOY!



HOW DID THAT GET IN MY BRIEFCASE? HMM... I WONDER?

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



BACK AT TRANZAIR A WHILE LATER...

WHAT'S COOKING? HERE COMES WILCO BACK WITH THAT NEW SHIP!



WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE! RUSH THIS OVER TO YOUR PLANT POLICE AND CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS!

AND I HOPE I'M WRONG!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THE FINGERPRINTS LED US STRAIGHT TO THIS FELLOW AND HE FALLS IN WITH THE EVIDENCE! HE'S ALREADY CONFESSED!

I THINK THAT WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING PLANES!

WHEW! THAT'S A RELIEF!



OKAY, BOYS, TAKE HIM AWAY!

AND NOW, JUNE, CAN I STILL HAVE THAT DINNER DATE? I HAVE SOMETHING TO CONFESS!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER, CAPTAIN WILCO!



The End

MILLION DOLLAR RACKET

By DICK WOOD

CRIMEBUSTER entered Chief Crandell's office and smiled at the kind old man sitting beside the chief's desk.

"I'm Professor Herbert," the man said. "You must be *Crimebuster*?"

"Yes sir. Chief Crandell told me you were having some trouble and wished to contact me."

Professor Herbert stood up and mopped his brow nervously with a handkerchief. "Crimebuster, I'm in a great deal of trouble. I fear for my very life . . . but perhaps I had better start at the beginning. You see, I'm with the Dutton Chemical Company working on some very delicate and secret experiments. In fact one of my developments on a storage battery is so very crucial to the postwar automobile industry that I fear for its safety. It is a battery that can last for years and be put on the market for just a few dollars."

"But aren't the Dutton people taking proper precautions on such an important invention?", *Crimebuster* interrupted.

"That's just it, *Crimebuster*. Of course they have the laboratory protected well. In fact a special detective, Mr. Conroy, guards my entrance. But I've had a feeling that I've been followed lately. Several strange telephone calls have come to my house and . . . well since the war's end in Europe, I'm afraid the Dutton people have abandoned much vigilance as to my person and I fear for my life."

Crimebuster nodded. "I see, sir. And you wish the police to give you added protection."

"Exactly, exactly, of course I'm willing to pay for your services."

"That won't be necessary," *Crimebuster* replied. "Beginning tomorrow I shall be glad to keep an eye on your laboratory."

The next evening America's Ace Crime-cracker slipped through the gloom outside the Dutton Chemical laboratories. He had checked on the professor quite thoroughly and found his fears to be of some foundation.

The Dutton people had been concerned with his suspicions but realizing the professor had always been a highly nervous man, had not let it alarm them too much. His laboratory contained many thousands of dollars worth of radium, but also various locks and safety mechanisms which only the professor and a chief executive had the keys to. Besides Conroy was a good detective.

The street was empty with the exception of one man reading a paper from the light of the doorway. That would be Conroy the detective, *Crimebuster* reasoned. He wondered why Professor Herbert felt it necessary to have more protection. Still, a man of such brilliant chemical knowledge could be allowed some exaggerated fears perhaps.

For four nights *Crimebuster* could be seen dimly in the dark, sitting on a bench opposite the chemical building. On the fifth night a dark figure detached itself from the trees behind *Crimebuster*'s shadowy figure on the bench. A large top heavy weapon was raised slowly in the darkness to a level with the youths shoulder. Then a dull thud sounded from the gun and *Crimebuster*'s figure lurched forward off the bench. A moment later the big form of the detective hurried into the chemical building. He had hardly stepped inside when a grinning youth followed closely by a monkey also entered the building. Inside the detective suddenly turned and gaped wide-eyed at the stern faced youth sprinting down the corridor toward him. For a split moment he stood still, too paralyzed to move. Then he shook the mingled fear and disbelief from his eyes and desperately snatched at the silent weapon of death in his coat. Too late his hand ripped the silencer free. *Crimebuster* blasted into him and the pair careened down the hall. The detective was a large man and he managed to turn in mid air and slam his two hundred pounds of weight down on *Crimebuster* as they smashed to the floor. But the youth's body rolled with the impact like

bound steel springs. Rights and lefts rocketed up into the killer's midsection and with a gasp the detective of murder rolled over unconscious. Squeeks leaped atop detective Conroy's body and beat his chest as *Crimebuster* got to his feet.

"Stop bragging 'little guy,'" he said, "that dummy of myself outside could very well have been me except for a lucky hunch!"

He reached down and pulled a coil of rope from Conroy's waist smiling as he did so. Yes, things were making much sense indeed.

Twenty minutes later at headquarters professor Herbert's face was beaded with perspiration as *Crimebuster* and Chief Crandell were showed to detective Conroy's cell.

"I can't believe it," he kept repeating, "My own detective . . . wanted to murder me!"

Crimebuster smiled, "Yes professor, it's mighty odd. That's why we thought you might like to talk with him."

Opening the cell door with one hand *Crimebuster* suddenly flicked out his arm and shoved the professor inside with Conroy. The

professor's startled protest was cut short by the youth's piercing voice.

"Your game's a flop, professor. You and Conroy were working together. You planned to kill me, give Conroy the radium and battery mechanism and then have him tie you up. A perfect alibi and a million dollars in your hands."

"How the devil did you know this?" Chief Crandell broke out suddenly.

"Conroy had been carrying a rope around for days. The rear window had been jimmied to make it look like a burglary. Professor Herbert could have easily insisted with the Dutton people that he have more protection. It was quite obvious he just mentioned it to make his seeing us more plausible. With the police department protecting the laboratories he realized little suspicion would fall on Conroy and himself."

Crimebuster reached down and patted Squeeks on the head. "Besides," he added smiling, "Squeeks and I can tell a grade A liar when we see one."

FROM NOW ON THIS WHOLE PAGE WILL BE DEVOTED TO YOU

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Dear Readers:

This is your page. Beginning with the next issue of *DAREDEVIL*, this page will be devoted entirely to your opinions, ideas and suggestions.

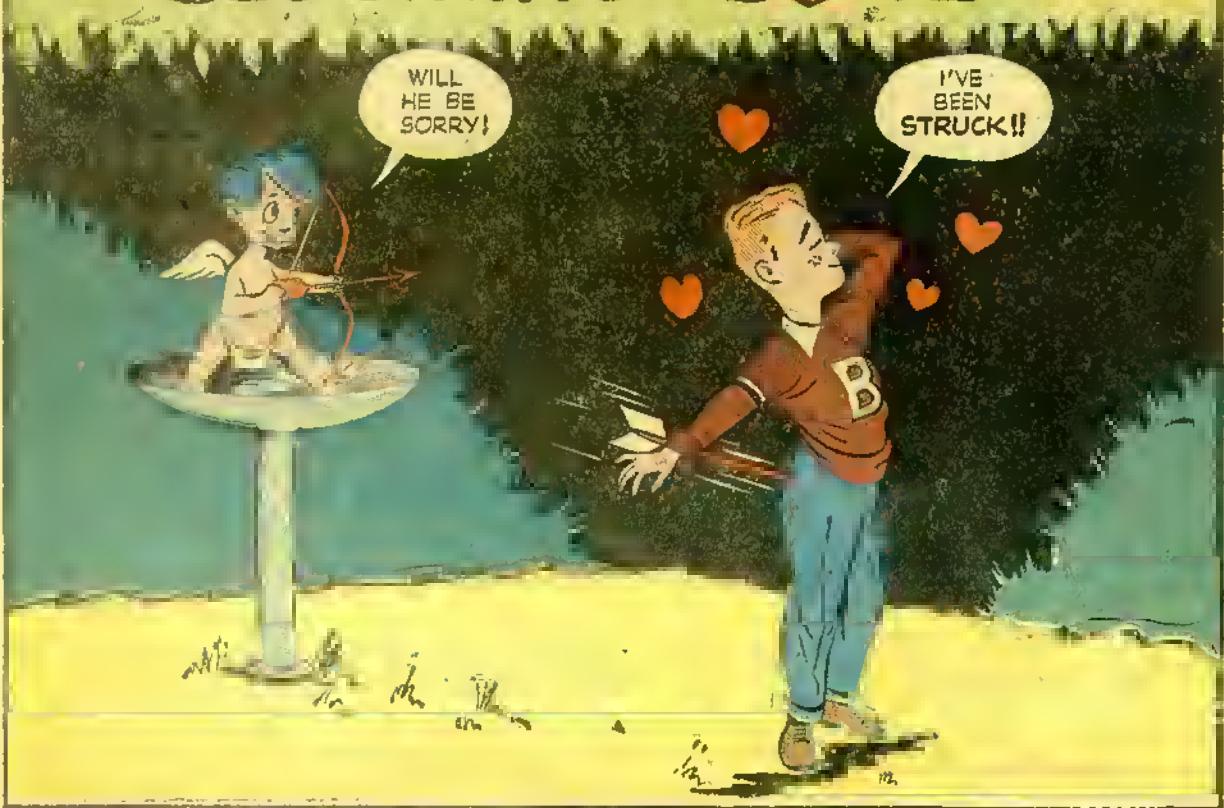
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EGGBERT *in* "BLOOMING LOVE"



WHAT IN THE WORLD
IS WRONG WITH THAT
SON OF OURS,
DEAR?

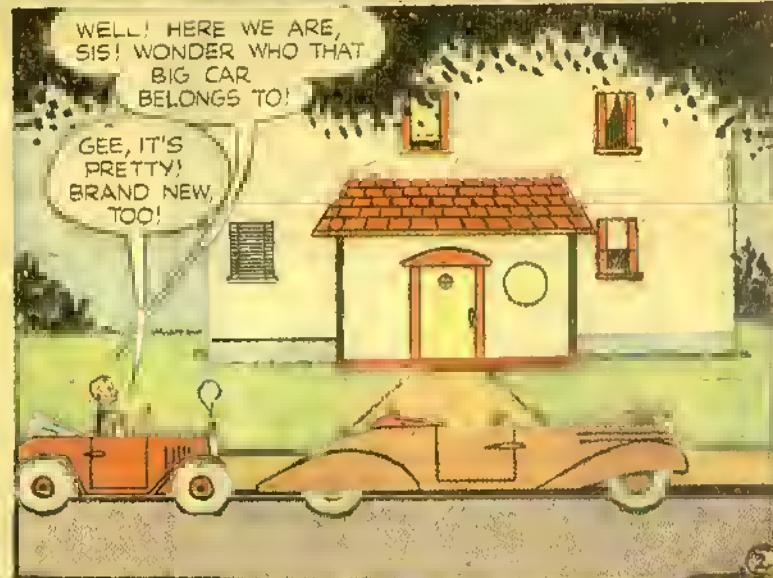
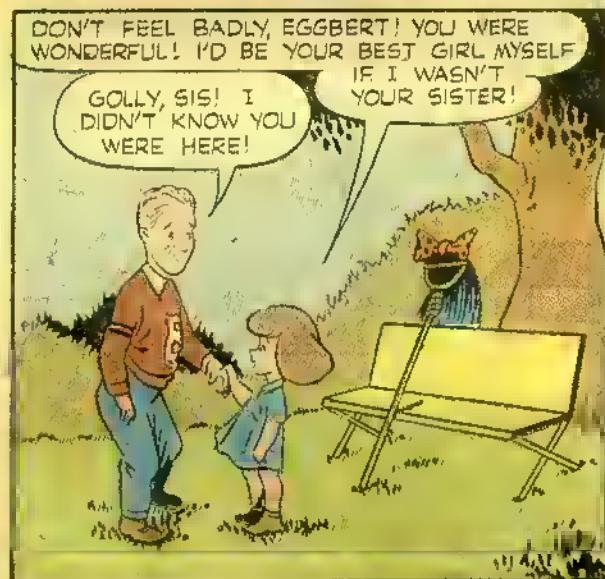
OH, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
EGGBERT IS IN LOVE
WITH OUR NEW NEIGHBOR'S
DAUGHTER, BETTY LOU!

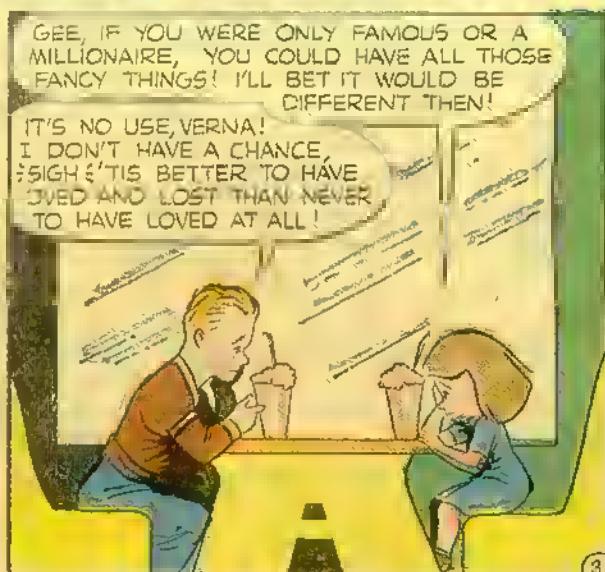
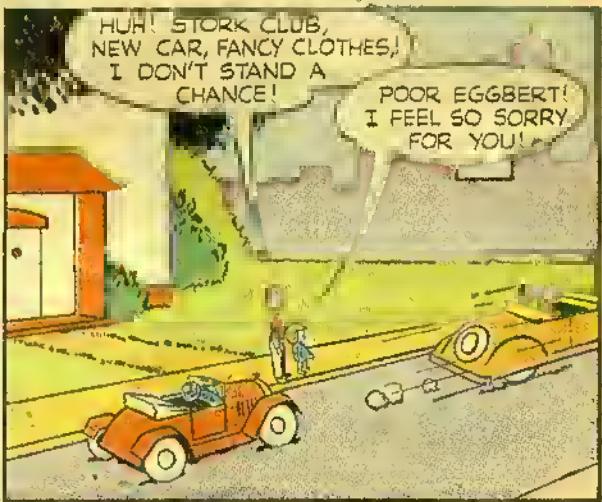


I DON'T IMAGINE IT'S ANYTHING
SERIOUS AT HIS AGE?

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IT, JOHN! YOU WERE YOUNG
ONCE YOURSELF!







I WOULDN'T WANT
TO MEET UP
WITH HIM!

GEE! HE'S
BIG ISN'T
HE?

LOOK
AT HIS
MUSCLES!

RESTLING

LIFT ME ON
YOUR SHOULDER,
EGGBERT! I
CAN'T SEE!

GRACIOUS! EVEN HIS PICTURE FRIGHTENS
ME!

GULP! HE IS FIERCE LOOKING,
ISN'T HE? BUT THINK OF ALL THE
MONEY, \$\$\$-\$ - ALL THE THINGS
THAT YOU COULD BUY WITH IT!

RESTLING

AUG.
6,7,8

1000 FT.
WHO CAN LAST
FIVE MINUTES

VERNA! I'VE GOT
IT! I'M GOING IN
THE RING WITH
"THE CRUSHER"
TONIGHT!

BUT EGGBERT!
HE'S SO MUCH
BIGGER AND
STRONGER THAN
YOU! HE'LL KILL
YOU!

IT'S NO USE! MY MIND IS
MADE UP! I'LL SHOW
BETTY LOU! JUST WAIT
AND SEE! THEN I CAN
TAKE HER OUT AND PUT
ON THE RITZ JUST LIKE
HER RICH MR. GLAMOR
BOY!

I GUESS I'M NOT AS BIG AS I
THOUGHT! GEE, IF I COULD ONLY
GET SOME BIG
MUSCLES IN A HURRY! I WONDER—EXCUSE
ME FOR A MINUTE,
EGGBERT!



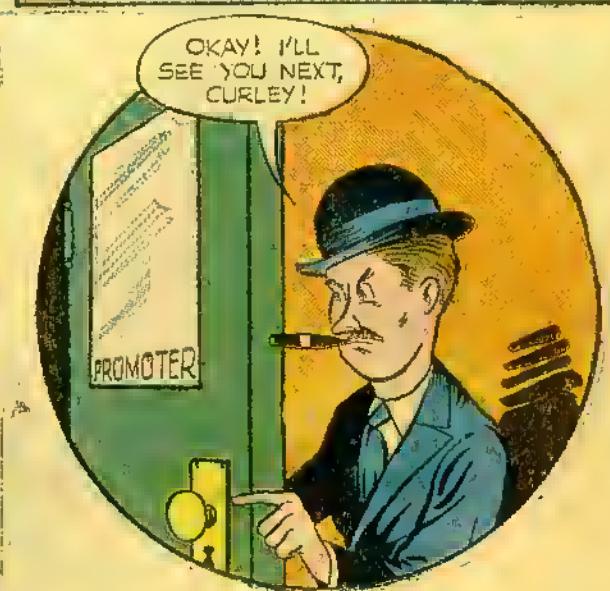
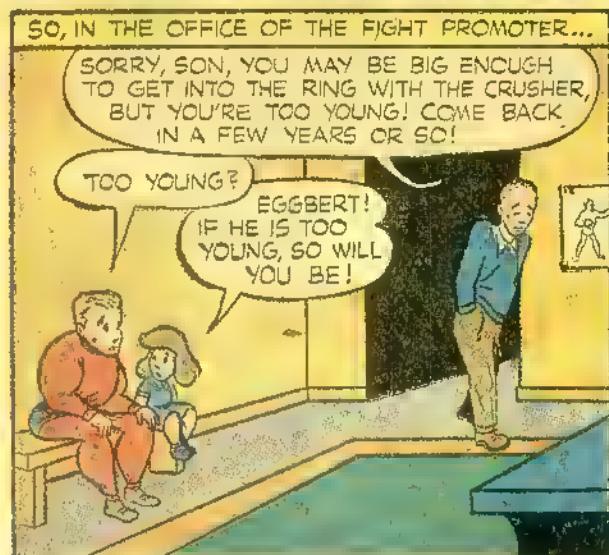
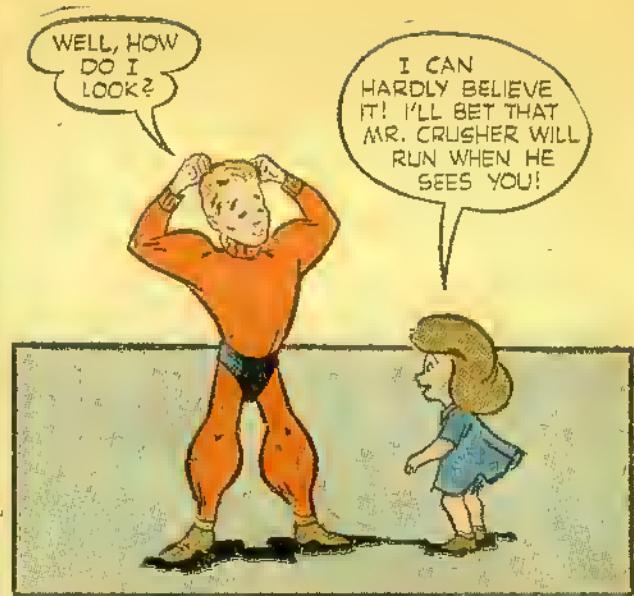
LOOK! MY PLAYBALLS! YOU
COULD CUT THEM IN HALF AND STRAP
THEM ON YOU! THEN PUT ON DADDY'S
OLD GYM SUIT AND NO ONE WILL
KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

BETTY LOU
WILL BE PROUD
OF THESE
MUSCLES!

VERNA! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'D
DO WITHOUT
YOU!

HOLD STILL TILL
I TIE THIS ONE
ON, AND WE'LL
BE FINISHED!





WELL, YOU'RE NOT VERY TALL, BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE PLENTY OF MUSCLE AND HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE! I'LL SIGN YOU ON TO GET IN THE RING WITH THE CRUSHER!

SIGN HERE AT YOUR OWN RISK! BE IN YOUR FIGHTING TUGS AT 7:30 SHARP TONIGHT! REMEMBER, T AND NO TRICKS!



...AND AS FOR BETTY LOU AND HER FRIEND...

THE FOOD WAS DELICIOUS, HERBERT, BUT TERRIBLY EXPENSIVE!

TUT, TUT, THINK NOTHING OF IT! MY DAD HAS LOTS OF MONEY!



I HAVE TWO TICKETS FOR A WRESTLING BOUT TONIGHT—STARRING THE CRUSHER! HOW ABOUT IT?

I'D LOVE TO GO, HERBERT! I'VE NEVER SEEN A WRESTLING BOUT!



7:30 SHARP AT THE ARENA.

CLANG!

I WILL KEEL THE LITTLE RUNT!

OH, OH, HERE HE COMES NOW!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THIS IS MURDER!! THE CRUSHER HAS BEEN TOSSED THIS NEW COMER ALL OVER THE RING! HE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!



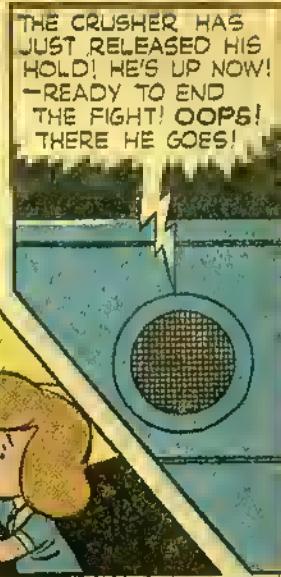
...AND IN EGGBERT'S CORNER OF THE RING...



TSK, TSK, IT SUR.R... RE LOOKS BAD FOR THAT LITTLE FELLOW!

OH! MISTER PORTER—MAYBE YOU CAN HELP! LISTEN...





SHIFTER

CARL
HUBBELL

WHEN THE ROOL
IS CALLED UP
YOOONDER



IT IS A LATE DRIZZLY NIGHT IN THE DRAB LOWER REACHES OF NEW YORK'S BOWERY. A RAW WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE LONELY STREETS AND A MANTLE OF DAMP FOG CREEPS IN FROM THE RIVER, WHILE A LITTLE GROUP OF DERELICTS HUDDLES ON A CORNER, LISTENING TO THE COMFORTING STRAINS OF AN OLD HYMN.





AH, DERE'S
DA OLD
CHARIOT!

HEY, BUD, WOT ARE
YOU DOIN' IN DA...
GOOD GOSH!

JEEZ! SURE
AS I'M STANDIN'
HERE, DIS MUG IS
A DEAD DUCK!

SWEENEY!
GULP!!

SURE, AN' WHY DO
YEZ STAND THERE IN
THE RAIN? ARE YEZ
DAFT NOW?

WHO..M..ME? WHY,
ER..HA,HA! I WUZ
JEST ON ME
WAY HOME!

AND A GOOD IDEA.
IT IS, TOO! YE
LOOK A BIT
PALE!

WELL I CAN'T STAND S.S. SURE!
HERE ALL NIGHT S.S. SO LONG,
CHINNIN' WITH TH' LOOKS O' YOU! K
OUT O' TROUBLE!
NOW, ME BUCKO!

WHEEEWW!! IF
SWEENEY'D SAW DIS
CORPSE, HE'D A BLAMED
IT ON ME SURE! I'M
GITTIN' OUTTA HERE
FAST!

AN' I DON'T HAFTA
BE A EXPERT TO
FIGGER OUT WHO DONE
IT, NEITHER! DAT
DOOTY RAT, SNIFTER!
PROB'LY THINKS HE'S
VERY CUTE, DUMPIN'
DIS STIFF IN
MY CAR!

WE'LL SEE IF HE
LAUGHS AS HARD
WHEN HE FINDS DIS
MUG ON HIS OWN
DOORSTEP!











I DON'T SEE WHY I GOTTA DO ALL DA WORK TA GET RID O' DIS PUNK! WHYNTCHA HELP ME WIO DESE BRICKS?

I AIN'T TALKIN' TO YOU! AN' YA OUGHTA BE GLAD I DIDN'T TURN YA IN TO CLANCY FER WHAT YOU DONE!

WELL, AFTER ALL, YOU KNOCKED DIS GUY OFF, SNIFFER!

AW NUTS! YOU KNOCKED 'IM OFF YERSELF, CRUSHER! AN' DON'T TRY TA LIE OUTTA IT!



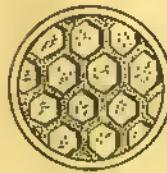
The End



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READY
TO USE



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S
EYE

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